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THE ABIDING QUESTIONS

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

If we vaunt of war's fame
Till throned curse it become,
And fetter'd Peace await shame
At the Triumph of Doom;
Will through deed Joy again have expression,
or alone in the dust-cover'd tome?

Should Wealth toil for increase
That the poor poorer grow,
And quicken'd without cease
Be ill seeds which men sow;
Shall such reproach be exalted, or living waters
these dead wastes overflow?

Should old wrongs prevail still
In contention with Right
And the Law and Good-will
Yield their standards to Might;
Is the issue to be with the Christ, the Fates,
or hope-dower'd, vanquishing knight?

If creeds fail at the end,
And the priest be no more,

And prayers never ascend
To a God as of yore;
Will Faith die in the dark, or rear for the morn,
new shrines at which Truth to adore?

Are there thoughts to cherish
Of life in yon void,
Or shall we but perish,
Be enrich'd or destroy'd?
And where shall the Soul find a grave for its death,
or whither set free be convoy'd?

ABODE OF JUSTICE

Portray not purposed Justice to be blind,
Where but freed eye may know if with constraint
Truth's cause is plead, or mere dissembling plaint
Be advocate to hold in thrall the mind;
Wildered let her not grope through dark to find
The virtue, sorely overcome and faint
And mute with pallid woe, that duress attaint
Of calumny though to shame's death consign'd.

Have Justice sojourn in a temple fair,
With guerdoned sight; yet be frequented ways
Her dwelling-place, life's wastage to repair
And wrong arraign by sentence of her gaze,
To make prone worth with loveliness co-heir
Of favor, and it to joy's dawn upraise.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.